S. L. Rothafel, "Roxy" Dies Suddenly from Heart Attack

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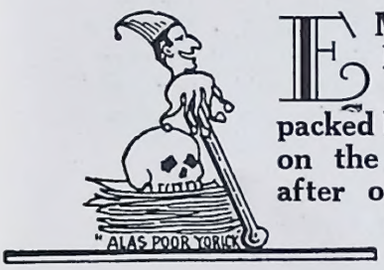
"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"



EMPIRE THEATRE, London, Boxing Day, a morning show to packed business for "Mutiny on the Bounty", and now after one week's showing, breaking the records of the house.

A remarkable sea picture with Charles Laughton climaxing all the marvellous characterizations he has given the Screen.

Your editor cannot agree with the general criticisms in London which harp upon the word "sadistic", in connection with Captain Bligh, the captain of the "Bounty", the crew of which was driven by extreme discipline, by cruelty, by poor food, to mutiny.

Captain Bligh knew his crew, knew how these men were pressed into Navy service, white men captured as slaves, for seamanship; and not for one moment could he show these men, that they must not be afraid, that disobedience would not be punished, by flogging, even unto death.

To flog men in those days, was not an unusual punishment, life was cheap, the high and low were recruited for the Navy, and the low were the "scum" of humanity, who on land or sea, had no scruples about preying upon each other.

To command such a crew required, just such a captain as Bligh, the pity of it was, that the majority being "scum" to Bligh, it was all "scum", or in the words of this famous infamous Captain, "a midshipman is the lowest form of animal life at sea", and the good and the bad received the same degraded treatment.

It is all strong meat from beginning to end, and it is necessary to have the stomach for it. Most history is unpleasant, and most Nations delight in forgetting it, that is the ugly pages of their own ancestry, or background. But if one deleted history, and made each Nation noble, generous, public-spirited, Joan d'Arc would have died the mother of many children, the Witches of Salem would not have put this little town, in Massachusetts, on the world's map, the Belgian Congo would not have smelt of "stinking rubber", the ghosts of those prophets, martyrs, leaders, yes, and saints, would not be, as stars, clustering the Diadem of Civilization.

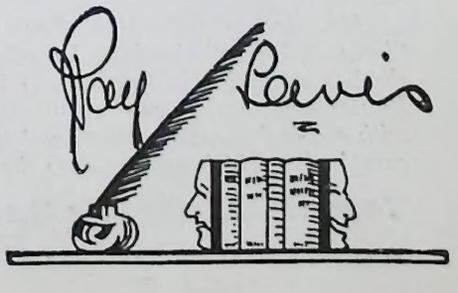
All Nations and Empires have been washed in the Blood of their Lambs, those who paved the way with their flesh, so that Constitutional Government with Monarchies, Republics with Presidents might be established, for a Just Government, of a Just People.

"The Marseillaise", "Brittannia Rules The Waves", "I Wish I Was In Dixie", etc., etc., stir us with visions of Freedom, Liberty. We are happy in the swing of these stirring songs, but oh, the men and women who have swung, as Prey for Vultures, that we might catch the rythmic movement of their beat, making these, the beat of our hearts, the pulse-throb at our wrists.

An English gentleman might reminiscently say, "s'blood" for Britain's dominion of the seas, an old sea-salt might say, "a bloody piece of bloody history".

Frank Lloyd made a great picture, the pictorial grandeur of it is unexcelled, and which should give Laughton, as Captain Bligh, another first place for a magnificent performance.

Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone, and some of the Mutiny's crew, the latter who had, what might be termed, atmospheric parts, contributed successfully to the dramatic climaxes with which "Mutiny On The Bounty" abounds. The women were fair to look upon, and there to be loved.



RAY PRESENTS

RAY LEWIS

MY INTERVIEW with Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., took place, for the first half-hour, at his home at London. I was eager to meet this Toronto-born member of the House of Commons, who returned from a trip to Canada, and in a ten days' campaign, rolled up the largest majority in England, in a three-corner fight, as a candidate for the National Government.

Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., is now the member for Wood Green. He resigned as Public Relations' Counsel for Gaumont-British, to enter the Political Arena. He gave up a yearly salary, which he had been receiving for the past two years from Gaumont-British, at fifty thousand dollars per year. Prior to his association with the Gaumont-British, Mr. Baxter drew thirty thousand dollars a year, as Editor of the London Daily Express, from which latter position he also resigned. His compensation for services as member of Parliament, is two thousand dollars yearly, and anyone, who knows anything about the expense of such service, might conservatively estimate that it will cost Mr. Baxter four thousand dollars a year.

Looking at the resignation, from a financial angle, one might come to the conclusion that Mr. Baxter has walked away from two positions of good fortune, but evidently it is not the financial considerations of a position which interest him, but his interest in the position. As some of the most brilliant of England's statesmen have passed out of office, or passed on, as comparatively poor men, we must disassociate the lure of wealth, from the disposition and character of this Canadian-born statesman.

THERE is no doubt about Mr. Baxter's ability as a public man, he is a first-rate journalist, and a natural-born orator, a rare combination of talents, and a powerful one for public office. He is a young man, in politics, vigorous and healthy-looking, animated, enthusiastic, with a zest for life and the art of doing things well. He has a disposition which makes it easy for him to smile, and a hearty laugh, which starts well-down the inward man revealing a highly-developed sense of humour. He would make an excellent portrait for Hals' "Laughing Cavalier", which does not make him a born-politician, but a man born for politics.

Mr. Baxter calls Mrs. Baxter, his wife, a "born politician", in fact, he told me she was the best politician in England. I looked at Mrs. Baxter and saw a very pretty woman, amiable, with a gift for conversation, and that school-girl complexion which accompanies the skin you love to touch. "She can listen to political speeches by the hour," said Mr. Baxter, to which his wife laughingly replied, "I would rather listen to them than read them, you get so much more out of listening to a speaker." Just then Mr. Baxter said, "Today is the big day at the House of Commons, the Government will listen to Sir Samuel Hoare, the Foreign Secretary, on the Peace Plan respecting Italy-Abyssinia. The house will be crowded, look at my mail, Public Opinion expressing itself. I have been inundated with letters. The Opposition will stage a big fight, would you like to come along?"

No invitation could have given me a greater thrill. I tried to find out what the letters were about, I approached the subject delicately, tactfully, I hope, others might say, diplomatically, but just about this time of the year, I am being fed-up on diplomacy, and my question is blunt. "Letters of protest to the Peace Plan?" I query. Mr. Baxter smiles, and if there is anything to the idea that silence gives consent, then we must take it, that the stacks of letters were letters of protest from the Public.

"We'll have to hurry, or I will not get a seat," said Mr. Baxter, a statement which somewhat surprised me; for at Ottawa where the Federal Government for Canada holds its Parliament, and at Queen's Park, Toronto, where the Provincial Government for Ontario holds its Parliament, the members have their seats for the sessions of office, I inform him.

"First come, first served at Westminster," said Mr. Baxter, smiling, "There are six hundred and fifteen members and about four hundred seats, with the result that two hundred and fifteen must find seats somewhere, mostly in the visitors special gallery, from which they cannot speak as they cannot be seen by the speaker, that is, seen in parliamentary language. In order to secure a seat on the lower floor of the House, the member must be present at prayer-time, drop his name in a little box, and place his name on an available seat. Of course there are some "courtesy seats" which are, by courtesy, the seats of certain members of long standing."

Mr. Baxter left the room for his hat and coat, while Mrs. Baxter gathered up letters, magazines and newspaper clippings, newspapers, etc., etc. "Isn't this room just like one a man has been in?" she said. I agreed with her. I was married to an artist, who only picks up his palette and brushes.

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Toronto Audiences Thrill to RKO Radio's "I Dream Too Much" Starring Lily Pons, at Imperial Theatre

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DURING the drive to Westminster, I asked Mr. Baxter about his "maiden speech" delivered the night before, and again Mr. Baxter smiled, in fact he laughed heartily, as if amused at the remembrance. "I had a speech all prepared," said he, "but after listening to several speakers to the Opposition, I dismissed all thought of the prepared speech and talked just as I felt, about Canada, about my faith in what the Government was accomplishing. I reminded the Opposition that it always directed its energies in an attack upon effort, it always harped upon the mistakes of Government, it never talked about what good had been done, that its members were always prophets of doom, they were filled with war-scare, with thoughts of armies bent upon destruction. For my part, I saw the people obsessed with a war-fear, whipped into an enthusiasm, during a discussion of war, no one talked about the troops of peace, the constructive work which was going on, the only frenzy witnessed was a war-frenzy, why not a peace-frenzy with debates for peace, for good-will, which would equal, in fervor, those directed towards the war-scare?"

I thought how true was this summing up. People talked war at home, in restaurants, wherever two men or two women assembled. War-talk was in the air, everywhere. Mr. Baxter interrupted my thoughts, he said, "I shall never prepare a speech again, nor shall I depend upon notes, what occurred last night in the House, convinces me that I must speak as I feel, unless I am to participate in a debate, on a subject, in which it is necessary to do some research work for facts and figures."

I took this opportunity to ask Mr. Baxter what he felt about the Peace Plan as presented by Sir Samuel Hoare. "I think that Sir Samuel was ill, too ill to put up any resistance to any plan which might have been suggested to him. He was ill before he left England, and suffered much physical pain. Laval is a powerfully magnetic personality, a sick man could easily be persuaded by him into any plan."

"You have just returned from Canada," I said, "How did you find Canada, what do you think of the future of our country?" Now I was smiling, smiling because I had said, "our country", for it so happens that here were we, the interviewer and the interviewed, both of us born in Canada, at Toronto, now at London, that Mecca towards which the eyes of so many Canadians are longingly turned.

MR. BAXTER said, "I had heard that Canada was on the ropes, that Canada's spirit was broken, that the people were heart-sick. I have returned to London from Canada, filled with enthusiasm for Canada, and more determined than ever to claim my Canadian citizenship, and some time in the future, to return to Canada to make my home there. I am not given to prophecy, but I do prophecy that the Canadian West will come back, it may take five years, but the stuff is there; and during the next ten years Canada will have a great revival of prosperity. For the first time in many years, London believes this also. I put that thought into my speech last night. I intend to talk of Canada in the House during my term of office, there are three other Canadian members, four of us there altogether, Bartle Bull, Sir Percy Hurd and Peter MacDonald. There are in all, seventeen members in the House who come from the Outer Empire, the Dominions, or colonies. It is good for the Empire."

I asked Mr. Baxter if Canada had any immediate problems, which if solved, would speed her progress and prosperity. Mr. Baxter replied, "Canada's first problem centralizes around a lack of population. We need people of all nations to become citizens of Canada. French, Germans, Scandinavians, etc., etc. The preponderance should be British, but Canada should double her population in the next ten years, but from those countries, which have the same standard of living as that which exists in Canada." Mr. Baxter continued, "The next problem is over-duplication of Government, too many civil service boards and municipal, provincial and federal governments, the latter which do not give Canada a common bond policy, and which does not inspire the confidence of Finance for investment.

MR. BAXTER laughed at my idea of moving England to Canada. "It certainly would be a less troublesome location for England," said he, "and would not only give England a powerful neighbor-friend, but divide her by the Atlantic Ocean, from war danger zones. History has, however, revealed that capitols have not successfully been moved and at all events, if all of England was destroyed, a New England would arise from the Thames. No, what we desire, is more enthusiasm for peace, troops and armies of peace, marching ahead, a mobilization for peace, not only of men, but women and children, who shall not only command their bodies, but their thoughts for Peace."

As I listened to this newly-elected member of Parliament, and noted his sincerity, his earnestness, his power to quickly express in understandable language, his thoughts, I knew why his whirlwind political campaign was successful; and the reason for the fine impression which he made with his maiden speech. I hoped he would not give up his writing with his motion picture retirement.

Mr. Baxter informed me that he had several valuable contracts in connection with his journalistic work, which he intended to complete, and a play which he had for a long time been desirous of writing.

"That reminds me," said I, "of your farewell banquet to John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada. You said that Canada expected that her Governor-Generals should be able to read and write, but what she was going to do with a Governor-General who could write as well as His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, would constitute a problem. Perhaps a member of Parliament, who can write and talk as well as you can, Mr. Baxter, may constitute a problem for Parliament."

Mr. Baxter assured me that writers were no problem at Westminster, journalists were

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Canadian Bureau of Statistics Report Theatre Business Increase Throughout Canada

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rare in Parliament in England, but in France, it was the usual development, from Journalism into politics.

WE had arrived at Westminster, and my time for questions now being short, within the shadow of the House of Commons, I asked Mr. Baxter how he liked his experience in Motion Pictures. This time he did not answer with a smile. "I found Motion Pictures," he said, "the most interesting, but the most exasperating of my experiences. It is a fascinating Industry, its influence is untold, on the whole this influence is healthy. The Screen gives the people that which they desire, and require, in this world of grim realities, it gives glamour, romance, forgetfulness and humour. I leave the Screen as an optimist, in respect to its Art values."

I inquired concerning the present idea of an exchange of stars and players, and Mr. Baxter advised, "Exchange of stars, which are of the same value, in the American and British Markets, is valuable. Import talent, genius, assuredly, just as the American producers do, but when we in England import players, let us select for such import, only the best stars and players whom the American Industry desires, not those with whom they are through. Leslie Faber once explained to me the difference between a good and poor actor. The good actor, he said, is always creative, at each performance he gets something new out of his lines, his characterization, therefor, no matter how many performances he gives, of that part which he is portraying, it is always new, fresh, to the player and to those who come to see him several times.

The poor player learns his lines, and repeats them, as from memory, adding nothing new, taking away nothing from the old.

We need more of the creative ability in our British Pictures, we must learn, as they have learnt in America, to value the opinion, the ideas, the design of the author, or writer of a story. Since his is the idea, surely he must be the one person, who knows more about it than anyone else. We place too much dependence upon the producer-director, and until we change this policy, our story material will not have the quality which the American pictures have.

As for the scenarios, the story material which is in our Quickies, or Quota pictures, YOU CAN SAY FOR ME THAT I THINK THIS MATERIAL IS CONTEMPTIBLE.

Let us take, for Quality, the scenario of 'The Constant Nymph', 'The Little Friend', 'Henry VIII", these were of a Quality substance, and could compete successfully in any market, which they have.

The British Film has made noticeable strides, but we will not produce the Quality Pictures, which are produced in the United States, until the writer gets the position and consideration in England, to which he is entitled."

NOW we enter Westminster, and I stand upon forbidden ground, I am in the Members' Lobby, where only Members are permitted to tread. I am anxious to ask many questions concerning Westminster. I pass that chamber where the trial of Charles I. took place. I am shown the line of the carpet, speakers must toe, an inch over the line, and they are called "to order".

I am interested to hear how the House of Commons receives the King's speech. I learn that Black Rod brings the King's speech to the House of Commons, and knocks for admittance upon the closed door, that from within the House, the word goes forth, "Strangers". That the King's messenger is permitted to enter, the Sergeant-at-Arms opening the door, that the King's speech is delivered to the Clerk, who in turn delivers it to the Speaker of the House, that before the King's speech is read, the word "outlawry bill" resounds throughout the House, but since no one speaks on the "Outlawry Bill", it is a custom dating back to Charles I., the Speaker proceeds with the reading of the King's speech.

By this time Mr. Baxter had deposited his name in a little box, and then proceeded to place his name upon a seat, which he called "the invisible seat", because he could not be seen from there, by the Speaker, and from which position he could not speak.

He informs me that in order to retain his seat, he must be there at prayer-time, which is at 2.45 P.M.

There are many rumours about, rumours of Sir Samuel Hoare's retirement, rumours of heated debates, what would the government do in the face of such strong public opinion, as expressed, concerning the Peace proposals involving Italy and Abyssinia, what would the Opposition demand from the Government?

IT has all come to pass, as I record this interview with Mr. Beverley Baxter. The Prime Minister of England has acknowledged that a mistake has been made. Sir Samuel Hoare has resigned his portfolio, after a most dramatic and tense address in the House. Mr. Anthony Eden has been appointed Foreign Secretary, following much conjecture and guessings concerning the two brothers, Chamberlain, and following this I remember what Mr. Baxter said to me, in expressing his longing to make Canada his permanent home.

"I have made many friends in England, but these are the friends of my successful days. In Canada, which I left in 1915, there are the friends of the beginning, they have always been my friends, and remained my friends.

Before one reaches middle-age, one goes through many loyalties to find out the few big things which count, and which have taken hold of us. One is so apt to lose a sense of value from the heights, for the man in the limelight is always so easily remembered.

It was good to meet the old friends of the old-time levels, it is such friends, such meetings, which make up the loyalties referred to, those which count."

I forgot to tell you that Mr. Baxter has Samuel Cromie, son of R. J. Cromie of the Vancouver Sun, as Secretary. Samuel is just eighteen, but if he is anything like the Samuel of Biblical History, the Samuels of Parliamentary history, anything like his father, he is a rising son, who may set, or find a seat, at Westminster. Mr. Baxter asked Cromie's opinion concerning several matters, to which Cromie smiled easily, also, as he replied. But then, Canadians do not find it difficult to smile, it is an old Canadian custom.

Paul Robeson Completes His Role in Universal's "Show Boat" and Sails to France for Concert Tour